



The King is Dead, Long Live the King



👁 186 ✓ 8 ★ 21

Chapter 1 by Emoi

Today is a normal Tuesday. Schools are in session. The weather is unremarkable. Nothing exciting happens on the news. Everything is as it should be.

Today is also the day that I die. It is a normal day, no one gets out of school, the weather is unremarkable, and my death is not reported on the news. My eulogy will be standard, my estate is nonexistent, and no one will miss me. There will be no stories written about me and my untimely death. Well, except this one.

Chapter 2 by R



I walk in to a small shop and sit down. It is the same one I eat breakfast there everyday. I do not speak, except to order my food. I repeat the order every day. No one there knows my name. No one there could pick out my face in a crowd.

I eat my food and leave. The tip is standard size, enough to not attract attention, but also not enough to attract attention.

I open my phone and check the message to see where I will be going. It is rarely the same

location, and I never take the same path.

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The job is unknown, as it should be. I do not know me as anything but another person. No one

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You might, perhaps, call me a spy. But that implies glamour. What I do is nothing of the sort.

I take a walk along the beach, and my foot prints are quickly washed away. There is no one around, save a solitary figure who I do not see walking up behind me.

In ten minutes, they will be my murderer.

Chapter 3 by NM



The main character was murdered by a politician. Not because he was important, but because...

I don't know if it was a difficult thing to do, killing her I mean; we were friends yes, but in this industry there was no room for such trivial things. You know that old saying: keep your friends close, but your enemies closer? It feels more or less the same to me.

For multiple reasons, the names of those involved will be changed.

Jennifer and I had been friends for maybe a decade or so; we shared assignments, swapped blood and bullets like it was a normal thing to do. Needless to say, we were close. She was the spy and I was the assassin, the croissant to my black coffee.

I had some breakfast and orange juice at the shop she liked to stop at, making sure to leave before she arrived; I asked her once what her ideal last meal would be during a mission. Jennifer went on to talk about this one café and how great it was, that it was comfort food for her. It was simple; pancake, eggs and bacon. Jennifer told me that the whipped cream they used was made fresh with each meal, heavy cream and some serious elbow grease. I was impressed to know that a place still did that, still am in fact. This was the last thing she had.

The morning on the beach was quiet, cold even; the sun had yet to warm the sands and heat the breeze. But there Jennifer was, walking barefoot on the shore, leaving a trail of faded sandy footprints behind; I was on a bench feeding pigeons bread, watching, waiting. It wasn't long before I choose to end her existence.

The assassin trailed behind her mark slowly not knowing if she felt any remorse for having to kill a close friend of hers; it wasn't until she knew that others would view it as so and maybe then she felt the need to be quiet, for the crashing waves muted her

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Jennifer came to a slow stop, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. "You know, I'm glad it was you." The assassin didn't need to see her face to know what she was smiling. Salty seawater rushed around her bare feet, bringing with it flurries of loose sand to bury her with. Jennifer knew that she couldn't have gotten away from her killer at this point, even if she wanted to. "Jane..." Her voice softened. "...read it." She kept her back to her friend.

Without a word Jane lifted her suppressed Taurus to the back Jennifer's head, flexing her leather-clad hand around the grip; it stretched audibly across her knuckles. Jane made conscious choices about how she killed her marks, she asked herself: Quick or slow? Often the choices weren't personal, it had to send a message. So what was she doing now? Was this personal? The woman subconsciously registered her weapon; a gun was quick and painless. Usually.

She didn't want Jen to suffer.

Jennifer moved to turn her head and look behind, but wasn't quick enough to do so; a bullet had already entered and exited her skull, taking with it a smattering of blood and brain matter. She laid half on dry land and in the water, bleeding out of an extra hole in her head. With each consecutive wave, Jennifer's blood bloomed on the water, like oil from a ruptured drum.

Jane called the clean up crew to deal with the body, and then informed her caller that the job was done. Normally she'd watch the ordeal until the end, but what Jennifer couldn't know was that Jane had already read the file; she didn't have much time to get out of the country, the Senator was going to be looking for her.

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